

In Lib. Min. Guild. J. M. 1787
J. Rook

A N

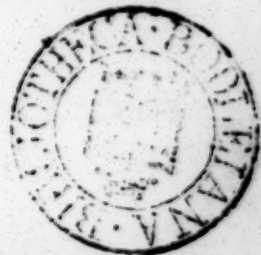
O D E

FOR THE

G U I L D D A Y,

Inscribed, with due consideration and respect, to the
Right WORSHIPFUL the MAYOR.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

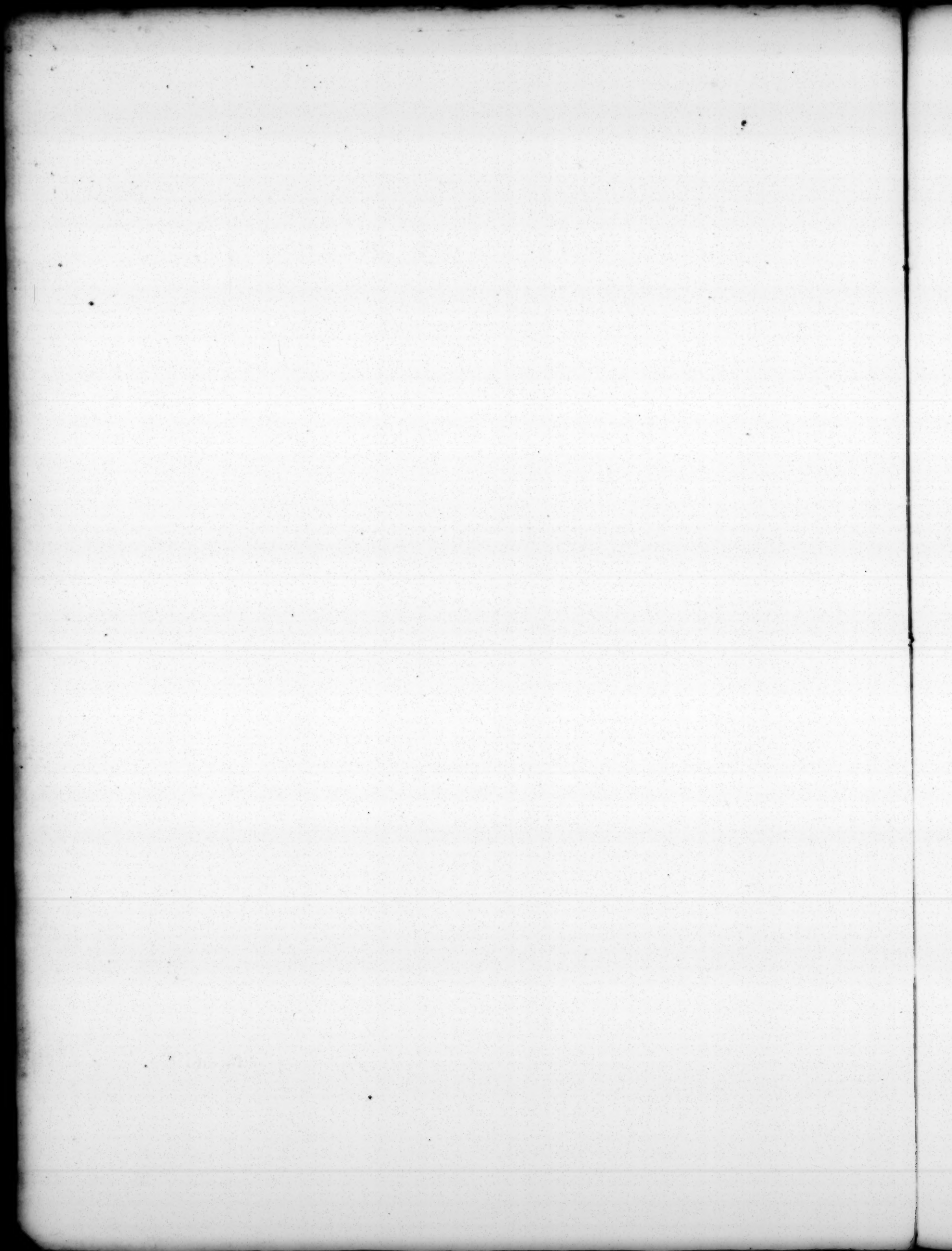


L O N D O N:

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9.



INTRODUCTION.

READER, be thy temper kind or rigid,
Be it saturnine, choleric, or frigid,
We claim indulgence for a prattling muse,
Who states it, as her resolute intention,
In this excursive bagatelle to mention,
Only what meek eye'd candor's self might chuse.

Yet if perchance i'the muse's way should fall
Some obstacles too large to scramble over,
The aid of flattery she will not call,
Nor by such ignominious help recover ;
But trust her native strength, defy the evil,
And send both fear and flattery to the devil.

Already I distinguish as I trace,
 The lines and features in the reader's face,
 An importuning wish to know my creed ;
 Well, let him have it, it shall soon appear,
 In characters so legible and clear,
 That e'en a child, or one who runs may read.

But mark me reader, I don't care a d---,
 Whether you think me wrong, or think me right,
 For by the god of poetry I am,
 Ah ! what, say poet what,---art blue and white ?

Excuse me Sir, I think you're rather quick,
 On politics I never meant to call,---
 P'haw, if you hesitate 'tis all a trick,
 I find you are no poet now at all.

Another

Another zealot cries this cannot do,
 Unless 'tis stich'd with orange, edg'd with blue ;
 Then here to both, I solemnly disclaim,
 In colors all distinction, but in name.

The creed thus briefly undertaken,
 Then interrupted and forsaken,
 Proceed we now to finish ;
 That each inquisitive may know,
 How deep 'th incision is to go,
 Then add not nor diminish.

No slander from my pen shall fall,
 No sharp invective steep'd in gall,
 Th' unfullied page shall stain ;
 Nor wou'd I add a single sigh
 To sorrow's store---or fill the eye,
 Of genuine sensibility,
 The king of wits to reign.

No

No worth i'll wound with strain Satyric,
 No fool i'll feed with panegyric,
 Yet think in spite of fate,
 Nay smile 'tho death itself were near,
 To see enrob'd, a dancing bear,
 Or a monkey mimic state.

Such animals let Heaven-born candor see,
 Such non-descripts, that language cannot name,
 Candor will own they are and ought to be,
 In the wide field of ridicule, fair game.

Candor will laugh to scorn the threadbare trash,
 That only hypocrites and cowards deal in,
 Conscious how much themselves deserve the lash,
 Would stalking horses make of sense and feeling.

As well the common dunghill might complain
 Of neatness injur'd, when they throw on dirt;
 " This maxim must immutable remain,"
 That which exists not, never can be hurt.

Then banish far the sycophantic strain,
 That seeks of dunces, dull applause to gain;
 With men of sense, their ills I'll gladly share,
 With fools **officious*, wage eternal war.
 MEANNESS expose, HYPOCRISY deride,
 Give SCORN a kick, and turn my back on PRIDE.

* Fools *officious* are those who to mean parts and gross ignorance, add an obtrusive impertinence, and senseless vanity of office, which must, ever excite and justify the general laughter and contempt; and are mentioned here in contradistinction to those of mere mental imbecility, which in itself is neither reprehensible nor ridiculous.

O D E.

THRICE three times hail to this auspicious day,
 When grace and hospitality unite ;
 When all that's festive, elegant and gay,
 Conspire to yield distinction and delight.

Beauty and social friendship shall receive,
 The fairest welcome bounty can prepare,
 What kindness and munificence can give
 This day abounds, for HARVEY takes the chair.

Yet let the muse make a respectful pause,
 Her grief confess, and half extinguish'd fires,
 That IVES, the guardian of the City's laws,
 Her friend and ornament, this day retires.

But

But I am told of critics so fastidious,
 As at my knuckles aim the rap insidious,
 If so 'tis well, soon be their game begun,
 But should they play too roughly, I may growl, and
 Present them for their Oliver a Rowland,
 Nay, peradventure give them two for one.

Perchance great *Apozem* may turn these leaves,
 "Feeling as 'twere their pulses", there perceives
 "*Symptoms indicative of future verse,*
But by his love of letters, finds as yet,
Not one Iota of true Attic wit,
Or point, or turn, or particle that's terse ;"
 But why my ripen'd coxcomb in such haste?
 There's terseness in reserve thy back to baste.

But

But first we'll glance at certain ancient rules,
 That claim observance on the previous day,
 When whifflers, snap, and (*heretofore*) * dick fools,
 Perform a kind of prelude to the play.

To see which preparations for the Guild,
 The neighbouring villages send many a guest
 To please themselves, and please their fav'rite child,
 Hodge, and his Mary, mingle with the rest.

When here, by accident, or cool design,
 Or damning force of what men bribery call,
 They gain'd "without the smallest help of mine",
 An introduction to St. Andrew's hall.

* The Reader will here naturally recollect, that the custom of admitting *Dick Fools* in the procession hath been long since exploded, and that there is nothing of the kind to be met with at the present day.

But

But how delineate their vast surprize,
 When the gay decorations they espied ;
 How eagerly they rivetted their eyes
 On fruits, and flowers, and dainties multiply'd ;
 One striking object, " justly 'tis confess'd,"
 Attract their notice more than all the rest.

A short squab, * Portrait near the southern casement,
 Struck Mary stiff with wonder and amazement ;
 On Hodge she calls, of him demanding whether
 That head and shoulders ought to be together.

* It hath been the fate of this unlucky Picture, not only to suffer repeated decapitation, but to exhibit in every instance, a still more glaring deviation from Truth and Nature.

M A R Y.

Say Hodge, for whom the painter meant that skull ;

H O D G E.

As yet, I really cannot tell my darling,

M A R Y.

Sure 'twas intended for the Great Mogul ;

H O D G E.

No, no, you're wrong, the * footboard says for -----

M A R Y.

All this is vastly fine, but why my dear,
Do we not see the Ladies painted here.

H O D G E.

To chide thy simple nature moves my sorrow,
The Ladies can't be painted till to-morrow.

* For Footboard, read Tablet.

Thus

Thus they continue, onward as they jog,
 Their artless, inoffensive dialogue ;
 Till with Stentorian voice the porters call,
 On our provincial pair to quit the hall.

Nocturnal matters should we here repeat,
 Might blot the page, nay absolutely spoil it ;
 Of gormands dreams, who only live to eat,
 Or fair ones wishing to be----at the toilet.

How turkey pouts are through the larder follow'd,
 In many an epicure's imagination ;
 How tench and turbot are not only swallow'd,
 But half digested by anticipation.

But

But now the day begins to spring,
 The larks their early matins sing,
 And cocks begin to crow,
 Whole herds of culinary folks,
 Purveyors, confectioners, and cooks
 With emulation glow.

Now City cannon with tremendous roaring,
 Their loud upbraidings hurl across the ditches ;
 Crying ye common-council cease your snoring,
 Awake to eat ye drowfy fons of bitches.

Now City waits the peaceful streets pervade,
 Their cheeks inflated, and convuls'd their throats,
 Grave Aldermen in bed to serenade,
 With moving airs and love inspiring notes.

From

From which most hallow'd rule they must not swerve, as
 To serenade their duty and their trade is ;
 Besides, it happily may sometimes serve as,
 A hint for Aldermen to rouse their Ladies.

Now artists in ten thousand shapes prepare,
 Mountains of gauze and pyramids of hair ;
 Here am I almost tempted to digress,
 Who to digression never was addicted,
 But find the almighty article of dress,
 Too multifarious to be depicted.

So pass it and a small discourse pursue,
 True as 'tis novel, novel as 'tis true ;
 Verbatim, as she heard, the muse relates it,
 No envy hides, no malice aggravates it.

Yet reader marvel not, at what you hear if,
 Our hero should turn out to be a Sheriff ;
 See but his face, his intellect you see,
 Without much skill in physiognomy ;
 His cranium search, you'll find it worth the pains,
 To view the motley mixture it contains.
 Tho' brainless, yet most ponderously fraught,
 With every insignificance of thought ;
 Hear him but speak, you'll own his speech affords,
 His likeness strong in sentiment and words ;
 E'en now he calls his greatest earthly blessing,
 His *cara sposa* to assist in dressing ;
 " *Pray love be so good to bring me down,
 My new silk handkerchief, and purple gown.*

And

*And make a pretty posy for my hand,
 You know I go to day without my wand;
 Then pray help what's-his-name to tie my bag on,
 I'd fain be fit as soon as the snap dragon;
 And chain me whilst the carriage turns about,
 Least in my hurry I should go without ;"*

Who but must smile thus deck'd to see him go, }
 A fresh phenomenon, nor man nor beau, }
 An incoherence all from top to toe. }

Next treat we of proceedings more sublime,
 That wear the holy aspect of devotion ;
 Cathedral tinklers now proclaim it time,
 To put for Church the corp'rate corps in motion.

With

With clean wash'd faces and a nosegay each,
 Without one grain of vanity or pride ;
 To hear the organ, and the Latin speech,
 Stultus, and Bibulus, together ride.

When there, as frail repenting mortals shou'd,
 Unlike the hard incorrigible finner ;
 Their hearts incline to every thing that's good,
 They think but *once* in all that time of---dinner.

Service divine, begun, continued, ended ;
 Their griev'd abdomens for repletion yearn,
 With appetites,---we hope with morals mended,
 Stultus and Bibulus from prayer return.

Then

Then *Joe instruct to drive the chaise as near
 As possible to Orator, then stop,
 That to the crowd below they might appear,
 To suck in the oration drop by drop ;
 Right wisely judging, folks of their condition,
 Should seem to have a *taste* for *composition*.
 And so they have, for at the dinner, twice [with ice, }
 These Goths, for Blanc-mange, cramm'd their mouths }
 Thence to their plates return'd it in a trice. }
 Vowing 'twas so ‡ *unseasonably* cold,
 No mortal mouth the frigid sweet could hold ;
 The sequel proves, whether they feed or fast,
 Such cobblers ever go beyond their last.

* The Postilion.

‡ Here Stultus observ'd very gravely to a Gentleman near him, that he had never tasted
 Blanc-mange so cold before, except at Christmas time.

F

Here

Here gentle reader if you please,
 We'll change the subject, and with these
 Exceptions to the general rule, have done ;
 For thou wilt own, unless thy wits are scar'd,
 That to the rest these only are compar'd,
 As mites to mountains, specks upon the sun,
 That wisely are permitted to appear,
 To make the general radiance more clear ;
 For in no gallant circle can we trace,
 More genuine Beauty, Elegance and Grace,
 Than now with fair perfection fill the place. }
 Happy the Bard could he but here record,
 The various dishes on the sumptuous board ;
 How earth, and air, and seas, their treasures yield,
 This pile of hospitality to build.

How

How gardens all their fragrance here dispense,
 At once t'allure and gratify the sense ;
 How taste and plenty all their force unite,
 To cheer the heart and charm the ravish'd sight ;
 But scenes like these as Bards but seldom see,
 You wont expect the long detail from me ;
 Which task declin'd, I bow, and make my exit,
 " Guessing the Reader wishes and expects it,"
 With this proviso, namely,-----should there be,
 Such LARGE *temptations* as I now foresee,
 I'll BUCKLE to't again in NINETY-THREE.

F I N I S.

